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itual death before his child was born. The body of Frederick Bingham still walks the earth, but his soul will never be cured by the Keeley or any other mundane cure; it expired too long ago. When the will is dead, the man is dead. His children can only mourn him, and pay what respect they may to the dreary remains.

Darcie has his enemies in the Cœur D'Alene,

but he has also his staunch friends. Mike is foreman of the Big Horn in place of Peter Banning, deposed; and Kitty Tyler, now Kitty McGowan, makes the surly Big Horn kitchen a realm of perpetual sunshine. She is spoiling her young mistress for whosoever her successor may be when she and Mike go to housekeeping in the fall.

THE END.

Mary Hallock Foote.



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

THE CHASE.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

CAPTURE OF THE SLAVE-SHIP "CORA."

THE LAST SLAVER TAKEN BY THE UNITED STATES.

ON my graduation at the United States Naval Academy, I was ordered to the African Squadron in June, 1859. In the summer of 1860 the United States steamer *Constellation* was cruising on the station as the flag-ship of that squadron, bearing the broad pennant of Flag-Officer Inman. While eccentric to a degree, Flag-Officer Inman was remarkable for his energy, and was a gentleman of high standing in his profession and in the world. Out of the generosity of his heart he placed me on his staff, after a "blowing up" for a trivial matter of which I was innocent, and very soon afterward gave me my first shoulder-straps as acting-master of the United States steamship *Marion*, which

position then carried with it the duties of navigating-officer in addition to those of watch officer. In the course of service, I was ordered to the United States steam-frigate *Niagara*, which carried home the first embassy Japan ever sent abroad. The *Niagara* on her outward voyage touched at St. Paul de Loando, the headquarters of the African Squadron, for water. Here we found the *Constellation*, and several of the ships of that squadron. On an official visit to the *Niagara*, all the officers being drawn up in line, my old commander spied me out, and with his usual eccentric warmth, stopped and shook my hand with a look of pleased surprise. About an hour after he left

the ship, I received a note from the *Constellation*, saying the flag-officer wished me to return to his ship, and that if I so desired he would place me as junior watch-officer and his acting flag-lieutenant. This note concluded by saying I had better come back to old friends. In another hour I found myself once more on the *Constellation*.

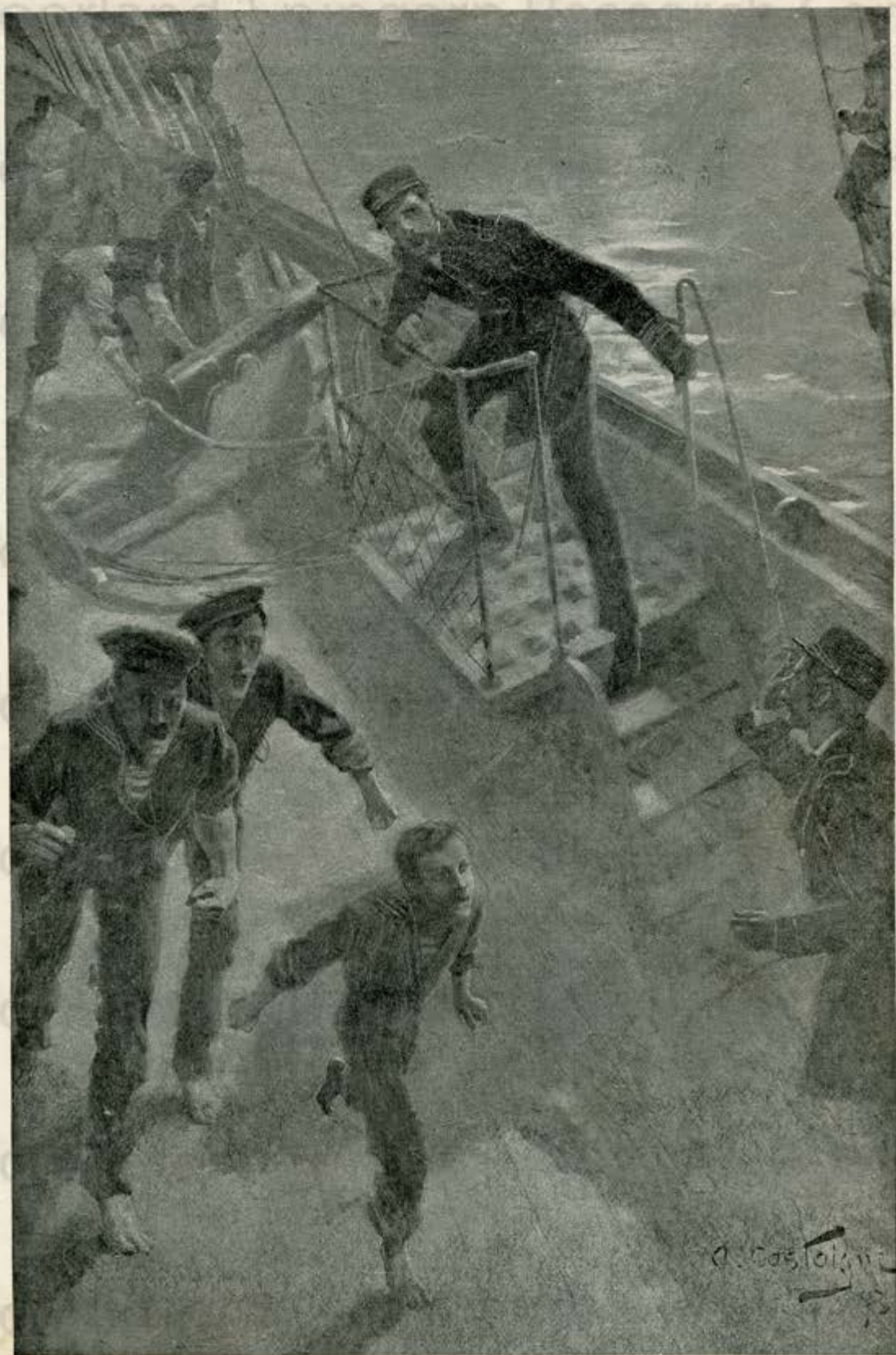
In President Monroe's administration, the United States and Great Britain by treaty agreed to maintain each a squadron carrying at least 80 guns, on the African coast, to suppress the slave-trade, which to that time had received no real check. Each nation could search and might capture the merchant vessels of either, upon proof which satisfied the naval officer of the violation of the laws. In point of fact, while this right was occasionally used by British men-of-war, still they seldom exercised it against American vessels, and it became almost the rule that American men-of-war should perform the duty. This fact came about because the slave-trade was largely carried on by American vessels. And strange as it may seem, by way of parenthesis, the American vessels were invariably fitted out and despatched from northern ports, only one in many years immediately preceding the war having southern ownership—the schooner *Wanderer*, which landed slaves on the coast of Georgia; but these slaves were at once gathered in by the United States Government, and sent back to Africa on the steam-frigate *Niagara*.

Engaged in this duty, the *Constellation* was cruising on the African coast, the men finding relaxation only at long intervals in a short rest at Madeira, or the Canaries; or perhaps at one of the islands in the Bight of Benin. After one of these cruises, when off the Ambriz River, near the Congo, in August, 1860, the calm gave way to a refreshing breeze, and the *Constellation*, with all squaresail to royals, had just shaped her course for St. Paul de Loando. It was about 7 P. M., the sea was calm as a floor, and a beautiful moon lit the waters with a splendor rarely seen. The crew and officers were all on deck enjoying the refreshing change. Songs were heard forward, messenger boys were skylarking in the gangways, officers were pacing the lee quarter-deck. Suddenly from the foretopsail-yard rang out the cry, "Sail ho!"

Instantly laughter ceased, songs ended, men jumped to their feet—all was now expectancy. "Where away?" came sharply through the speaking-trumpet from the officer of the deck. "About one point forward of the weather beam, sir." Every eye caught the direction indicated. Sure enough, bright and glistening in the reflected moonlight, the sails of the stranger were seen, hull down, with the upper parts of the courses in view. She looked like a white phan-

tom outlined against the clear-cut horizon. Glasses showed her to be a bark standing on the starboard tack, close-hauled to the wind, with every stitch of canvas drawing, royals, skysails, and staysails. The *Constellation* was at this time on the port tack, with royals, running with the wind about abeam. In a moment came the order, "Lay aft to the braces! Brace sharp up! Down main-tack and -sheet! Haul the bowlines!" This brought the *Constellation* close up to the wind, ready for further evolutions in chasing. For nothing on the African coast went unexamined, and every sail meant a chase and examination. The ship now felt the wind, and had the slight heeling which was one of her great peculiarities, but which only meant that she was like a thing of life, instinctively ready for the race. By this time came the quick, sharp, and clear notes of First-Lieutenant Donald McN. Fairfax (afterward rear-admiral), "All hands tack ship!" The first-lieutenant had taken the deck, and the chase was to begin. The sounds of the boatswain's whistle, and those of his mates, gave shrill notice throughout the ship, and their deep-toned voices, one after the other repeating the order, like rolling echoes of hoarse thunder in mountain glens, had not died away before three hundred men stood silent and expectant at their posts of duty, showing the discipline of the ship, and the eagerness of the men, for there was always excitement in a chase. "Down helm! Let fly head-sheets! Rise tacks and sheets! Let go the lee main and weather mizzen-braces! Clear away the bowlines! Haul well taut! Mainsail haul! Stand by! Let go and haul!" came quick, clear, and ringing from Fairfax, on the horse-block of the quarter-deck. The *Constellation* was simply superb in tacking, and round she came, raising her sharp bow from the sea like a racer ready for the signal.

Soon the ship was dashing along on the starboard tack with royals and staysails drawing. This evolution brought the chase on our weather beam. The *Constellation* was a remarkable sailer by the wind, and few ships were ever known to equal her when everything was braced sharp up and bowlines taut. The yards were now so sharp up that she ran nearer than the usual six points to the wind. In no long time the courses of the stranger began to rise, showing the gain we were making; and in an hour she was nearly hull up. It was as clear as day; but the light was that wonderfully soft light which the moon gives only in the tropics. The stranger's sails were as white in that light as a pocket-handkerchief. The breeze had freshened, so that we were running at least nine knots. Men had been sent aloft to wet down the topsails, and every thread was stretched with its duty, the leeches of the topsails just quivering. At this time a gun from



MR. FAIRFAX ON THE HORSE-BLOCK.

our weather-bow was fired—a signal for the stranger to heave to, but on she sped, silent as a dream. We could now plainly see through the glasses that there was not a light about the ship, a most significant sign. Another gun was fired. As the white smoke came pouring over our deck, we lost sight of the chase, but as it was swept to leeward, there she ran silent and glistening, with no tack or sheet started. Suspicion now amounted almost to a certainty that we had a slave-ship at hand.

Our distance was yet too great to reach her with a shot. Soon her jib fluttered, her bow swung to the wind, the main-yards were hauled—altogether, she seemed to turn upon her very heel, and with the quickness, and almost the precision, of a man-of-war she had gone on the other tack, hoping doubtless to beat to windward. The *Constellation* followed her movement, and again fired a gun. We were both doing our utmost, and the two ships cut the brilliant waters on an apparently even course; but the *Constellation* was gaining. Nothing could prevent our overtaking the chase, unless a sudden squall should arise. This, possibly, was the stranger's hope. Again and again she tacked ship: we followed like Fate itself. About 11:30 we had the fleeing vessel within long range, and began a steady fire from one or two guns, shotted, and full of command. The orders were to aim at her upper spars, as all were now convinced that the hull was filled with slaves.

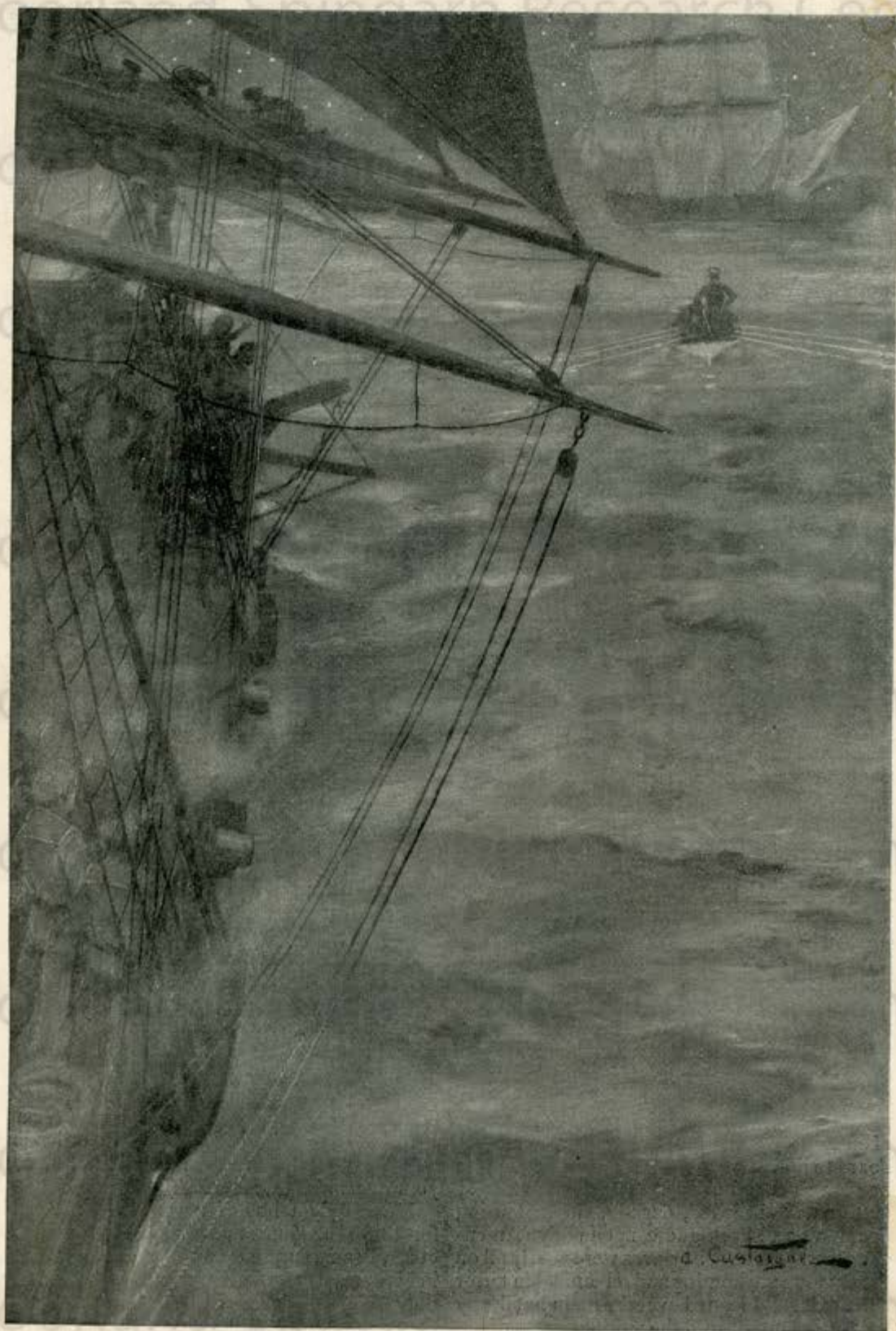
But little did we know the spirit of the slave-captain. He had determined to take every chance for escape, even to the sinking of the ship. This he subsequently told me. He saw that we were beating him to windward. Suddenly he executed a movement which evinced the determination of the man. It was rash, perhaps—because he lost ground; but he knew his vessel, and hoped by increased speed to prolong the chase, awaiting the chapter of accidents.

He deliberately put his helm up, brought the wind abeam, and set all his starboard studdingsails from lower to royals. Never did I see a more daring evolution. I myself since that night have had to run the gauntlet of thirteen men-of-war in broad daylight, taking their tremendous broadsides,—six on one side, seven on the other,—pouring thunderbolts upon our three poor little Confederate gunboats, carrying provisions to beleaguered Pulaski. But here was a slave-captain who, with a daring worthy of admiration, took the chances of having his ship blown out of the water to prolong the chase. His movement brought him within easy long range, but almost justified his risk; for the slave-bark, as she must now be called, appeared to fly like a frightened sea-bird, with a speed which challenged our best efforts, for we too had followed the movement,

and were rushing through the water full ten knots under starboard studdingsails.

The slaver was well on our starboard bow. Mr. Fairfax called me to go with him on the gun-deck, where we ran two heavy 32's out to our bridle-ports ready for a chase dead ahead, which soon occurred. I was directed to carry away the upper spars and rigging, and under no circumstances to hit the vessel's hull! "Aim high and make your mark," he continued. I touched my cap and smiled; it was so like the admonition of an ambitious mother to her son. Soon one gun was sending round-shot whirling through the rigging. The bark edged away still further from the wind, and now rounding in her weather-braces, she had nearly crossed our bow, bringing the wind directly astern and setting her port studdingsails aloft and aloft. She now went flying over the sea like a great white bird with her wings widely extended, with the *Constellation* following suit. We could have sunk her or raked her fore and aft. Every moment we hoped to bring down some of her spars or upper masts. At this time the chase was not a mile distant, but in the moonlight her distance seemed not half that. Suddenly our attention was attracted by dark objects on the water ahead of us. The slaver was lightening ship by throwing overboard casks, spars, and even spare masts. The sea appeared as if filled with wreckage in a long line. All at once boats were seen. "They are filled with negroes," I heard some one cry on deck. "Steady on your course," I heard the flag-officer shout on the forecastle just above my head. Sure enough they were boats, and as we sped they seemed to be coming swiftly to us. My heart beat with quick emotion as I thought I saw them crowded with human forms. Men on deck shouted that they were crowded with people, but we swept by, passing them rapidly. The slaver hoped we would stop to pick up his boats, and thus gain more time, but his ruse made us even more eager. Now, our guns redoubled, we knew the end must come soon, but there seemed no way to stop the chase without sinking her, and humanity forbade a shot in her hull. Her captain realized the situation, but even then his courage was wonderful.

On we went. Suddenly I saw her course begin to change; she was coming to windward—her studdingsails came fluttering down, her skysails and royals were clewed up, her foresail also, and as she rounded up to the wind and backed her maintopsail, the *Constellation* had barely time to get in her canvas, and round to under her maintopsail, scarcely two hundred yards to windward. "Away there, first cutters, away!" called the boatswain's mates, as their shrill whistles ceased. I had barely time to get



"THE FIRST CUTTER SPEEDING LIKE AN ARROW TO THE VESSEL."

on deck, after the guns had been secured, before I saw the first cutter, with our gallant first-lieutenant himself as the boarding officer, speeding like an arrow to the vessel, her oars scattering sparkling diamonds of phosphorescent water as they rose and fell. Every officer and man was leaning over our low hammock-rails, breathlessly waiting and watching. We saw the cutter round up to the gangway. "In bows; way enough!" we could hear Fairfax say distinctly, though his orders were low. Then came the rattling of the oars as they were tossed, and the grating of the cutter alongside. Fairfax's active figure could be seen quickly mounting the side, and then he disappeared as he leaped over the gangway into the waist. For two or three minutes the stillness was painful. One could hear men breathing in their excited anxiety. Suddenly there was a hail, in tones which I can recall as if heard to-day—clear, distinct, and manly, "*Constellation*, ahoy! You have captured a prize with over seven hundred slaves."

For a second the quiet still prevailed, and then the crew forward of the mainmast spontaneously gave three loud, ringing cheers. Only the sanctity of the quarter-deck prevented the officers from joining, but they shared the feelings of the crew. Aside from the natural feeling which success in a chase brings, there was large prize-money in prospect, for in every such capture the law divided among officers and men a sum equal to half the value of the ship and her outfit, and an additional sum of \$25 for each slave captured, amounting in this case to at least \$30,000. To a practical mind there was reason for cheering. The prize, however, was not surrendered by her captain, of whom we will speak again, but by the crew, who in terror of our guns hove-to the vessel.

It was about 2 A. M. when, by order of the flag-officer, I went on board the slaver with a prize-crew, consisting of nine men all told, one being a negro servant—all hastily selected, which accounted for some serious dangers to be spoken of hereafter. Closed lanterns here and there were now needed, for the breeze had died away almost to a calm, and the sky was covered, leaving only a faint glimmer of moonlight at intervals. The deck was covered with articles of all kinds, which were to have been cast overboard to lighten the ship. The crew could only be seen as called to me. They were a set of cutthroats—bearded, dark-looking, scowling Spaniards and Portuguese, not a native American among them. The slaves were nearly all on the slave-deck, shouting and screaming in terror and anxiety. I leaned over the main hatchway holding a lantern, and the writhing mass of humanity, with their cries and struggles, can only be compared in one's mind to the horrors of hell as pictured in former days. But I paid

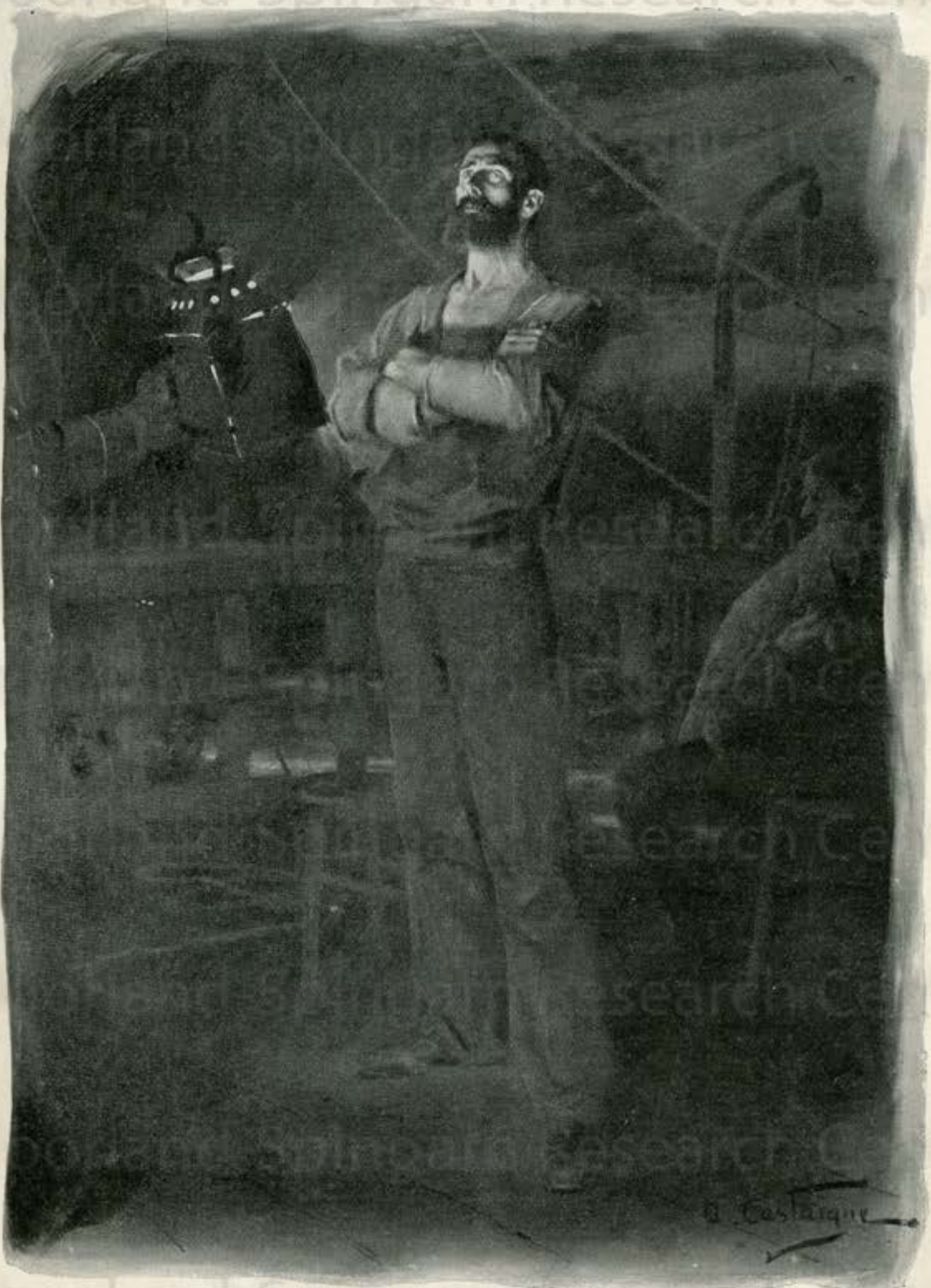
dearly for that sight. The sickening stench from hundreds of naked beings crowded into a space so small, in so warm a climate, without ventilation, was frightful. Overcome by horror at the sight and smell, I turned faint and sick at heart, and hastened to the stern. Here, seated on campstools, sullen and gloomy, were the officers; they made no sign of rising, or any offer of civility, though they recognized me with scowls as I passed among them, holding my lantern to examine their features. Two—the second and third mates—I saw at once were Danes or Swedes, not ill-looking, and having more honesty of countenance than I would have expected to see. I passed them by, and held my lantern so as to look into the face of another—such a face, cunning, cowardly, cruel, brutal, with duplicity written in every feature. This man was the first mate—a Russian, a villain below the grade of pirate, a murderous scoundrel, full of Satanic malice. One look in his face was enough. I felt danger for me, unceasing danger, in that man. Time verified my intuition, for mutiny and attempted murder of myself made every moment I passed with that man as my prisoner an unceasing and straining watch. I had been looking for the captain, and passed on to a large, powerfully built man who sat apart. As I held my light near his face, he rose—full six feet or more, splendidly proportioned, dressed somewhat in the sailor style of a man-of-war's man, with blue frock shirt and wide sailor trousers. His face was that of a man of intelligence and force, handsome, and covered with a full beard and a large, rounded mustache. "I am an Englishman, sir," he said, "and I protest against any indignity in the name of my queen, whose protection I claim. I hold you responsible for such protection; I am only a passenger." His voice was full-toned and manly, and his manner so earnest that for a moment he nearly deceived me. A slave-captain can't be found on board a slaver.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Campbell, at your service, and were I not a British subject, I'd be an American gentleman."

"Well, you are the captain," I replied; "and now, Captain Campbell, take your men and quiet the slaves; put the decks in order for working the ship, and then we will talk about your queen."

I was only a boy of twenty-one. He was forty-three or -four years of age. As I gave the order, I saw a surprised, and even amused, look in his eyes. It was a new thing to be ordered to duty. He looked me in the face for a moment—then a kindly light shone in his eyes, and he laid his hand on my shoulder,—a powerful hand it was too,—and said, "Boy in years, but—you are an American gentleman. Well, so be



INTERVIEW WITH THE CAPTAIN.

it. I'll lighten your duties." Turning to his officers, he gave the necessary orders, and soon the din ceased, and the decks were once more sufficiently cleared to work the ship. I had been ordered simply to follow the motions of the flag-ship till daylight.

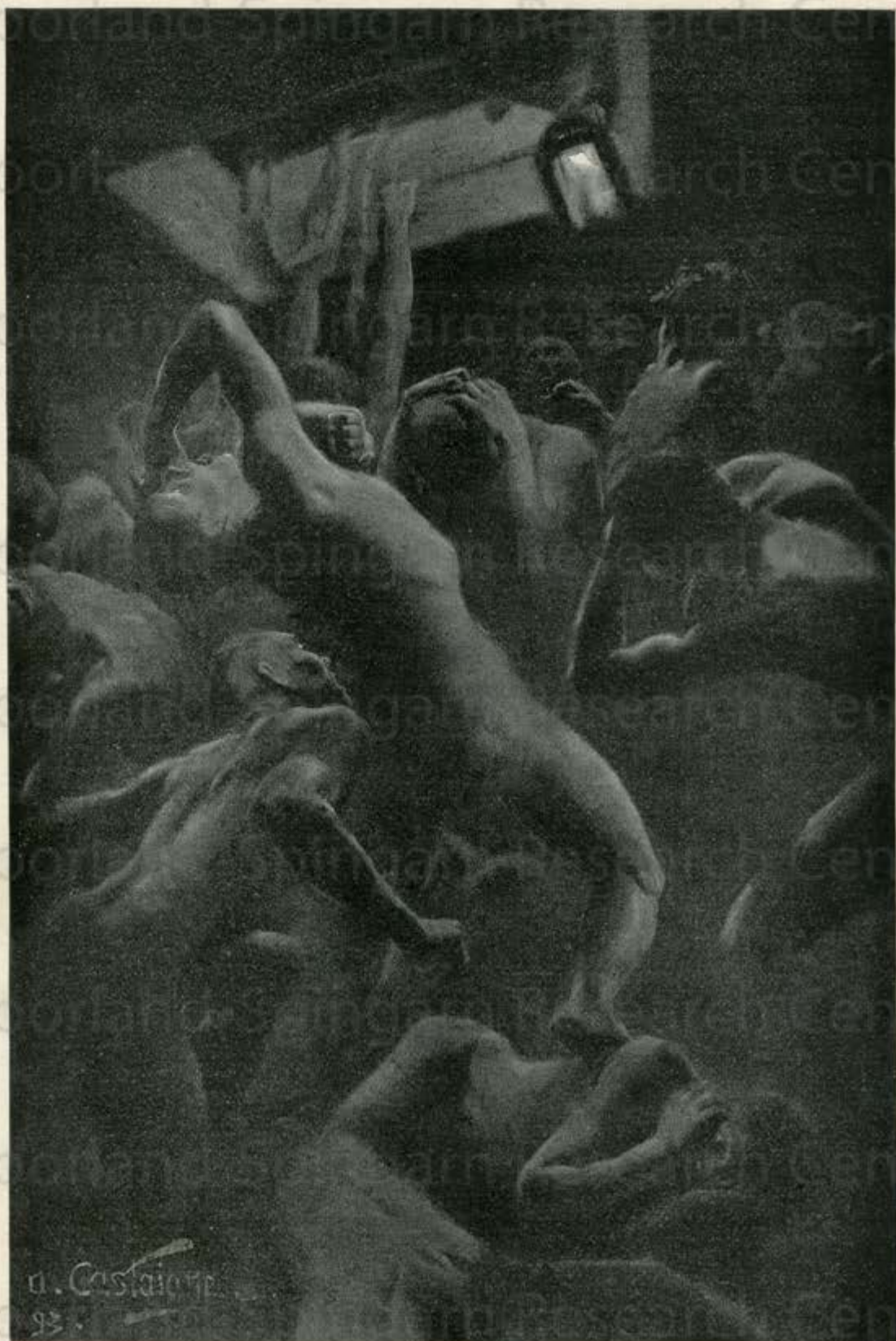
When I had divided my small crew into watches, and had put a man at the helm, I had a moment's time to look into the cabin which was to be my home. There were two cabins adjoining each other, with four state-rooms in the forward one, and two in the after. Here, in each of these rooms, I found one or two negro maidens, while several hovered in the corners, and crouched upon the sofa and on the floor. Like the rest of the slaves they were as nude as when born. They looked terribly frightened, and evidently considered me a sort of "lord high executioner." When daylight appeared, they were taken to the quarters of the other negroes.

The next morning found us rolling in a dead calm, and as the day grew on, the intense heat and glare made the slave-ship a den of indescribable horror. The slaves, of course, were brought on deck, or they would have suffocated and died — a course which was followed every day from early light till sunset, as long as I had them with me. They filled the waist and gangways in a fearful jam, for there were over seven hundred men, women, boys, and young girls. Not even a waist-cloth can be permitted among slaves on board ship, since clothing even so slight would breed disease. To ward off death, ever at work on a slave-ship, I ordered that at daylight the negroes should be taken in squads of twenty or more, and given a salt-water bath by the hose-pipe of the pumps. This brought renewed life after their fearful nights on the slave-deck. After their first bath under my charge, Mr. Fairfax came aboard bringing carpenters, boatswain's mates, and sail-makers; for the ship's rigging, sails, and spars had been badly injured aloft by our fire. That broiling day, and the next, these gangs were at work repairing damages, while the *Constellation* remained rolling near at hand.

In the mean time, I had been busily engaged in having an open lattice bulkhead put up on the slave-deck, close enough to prevent passing, and yet sufficiently open to give what ventilation could be obtained. The object was to make a complete separation of the sexes, which were about equal in numbers. Windsails were provided for ventilation, but with all this, no one who has never seen a slave-deck can form an idea of its horrors. Imagine a deck about 20 feet wide, and perhaps 120 feet long and 5 feet high. Imagine this to be the place of abode and sleep, during long, hot, breathless nights, of 720 human beings! At sundown, when they

were carried below, trained slaves received the poor wretches one by one, and, laying each creature on his side in the wings, packed the next against him, and the next, and the next, and so on, till, like so many spoons packed away, they fitted into each other, a living mass. Just as they were packed, so must they remain, for the pressure prevented any movement, or the turning of hand or foot, until the next morning when from their terrible night of horror they were brought on deck once more, weak, and worn, and sick. Then, after all had come up and received the bath mentioned, there was the invariable horror of bringing up the bodies of those who had died during the night. One by one, they were cast overboard — a splash the only ceremony. For thirty odd fearful nights and days this routine was endured before I finally landed these creatures. At the time I write of, I was a slave-owner, but I had only known happy, well-fed, and carefully attended people, who were as a part of a large family. Since that service on the *Cora*, I have known how much it cost to Christianize the negroes, and I often see in reverie the rigid forms as they fell day by day into the tropic waters.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, a light breeze sprang up, and the flag-ship sent a boat alongside with orders to sail when the signal pennant was hoisted. At the same time I was ordered to send the slave-captain aboard the *Constellation*. They were afraid to let him go with me. I must say something about my two days' intercourse with this man. He had apparently conceived as quick and kind a feeling for me as his first mate had at once shown me his hatred. The captain took his meals with me in the after-cabin, and I found him full of information, well acquainted with the world, bright, witty, and full of vivacity, abounding in anecdotes and original remarks. He had become very friendly in manner toward me, told me all the qualities of the ship, the characters of the crew, and the methods of dealing with them and the slaves. Though seated in his own cabin, he seemed to yield in a most natural manner to the logic of circumstances. He laughingly explained that he had lost \$50,000 by this ship and its capture — saying that he would never have surrendered if he had been the captain, instead of a mere passenger and a British subject — though he "admired an American gentleman, yes, loved an American gentleman." Yet he did not hesitate to tell me that he heard the ship had been fitted out in New York, and he winked at me merrily as he told me how he "would like to see that town and great Broadway, and talk with the American gentlemen." I knew that he was an American of course, and that he was only playing the usual part. When I laughingly asked why he



"I LEANED OVER THE MAIN HATCHWAY HOLDING A LANTERN."

refused to acknowledge himself the captain, he replied with a twinkle in his eye, "Why, don't you see this is an American ship? Her captain must be an American — an American gentleman, while by law he is only a pirate! I'm a British subject — but I rely on my queen for protection, and on you as an American gentleman."

When he had been directed to get ready for his transfer to the *Constellation*, he came to me and said, "The boat officer tells me to give you a list of such of my effects as I take." I saw that he was hurt, and begged him to take whatever he wished without any such list, as I had confidence in him. His face brightened, and he said, "I love an American gentleman, and hope to show you so some day." And, indeed, he did show me that he was in earnest, for in the dark days of the beginning of the civil war I met my friendly slave-captain, and he proved his honesty of heart and kindness of feeling in a manner conclusive to "American gentlemen."

Just before parting he cautioned me against the first mate, bade me watch him, that "he was not a gentleman," and, calling the second and third mates, bade them always "stand by" me. When I looked at the faces of his crew, I asked him, "Can I trust them?" His answer was, "Treat them right; though only a boy you are an American gentleman, and will get on well enough with them." Then he called up one of them — the worst-looking rascal of the whole crew, and said, "José, be true to this young officer. Do all you can to help him." "Sí, señor," said the man without a look or gesture. But José did help me like a man, and so did the two Danes. The ship would have been lost, and even a worse fate would have been mine, had not these men been true and faithful when the need arose — for I had thirty desperate prisoners, and my prize-crew soon became reduced in numbers by events which will be told.

As it neared sunset, my slaver captain left me with a shake of the hand and a hearty God-speed — saying as he went down the ship's side: "You may have trouble — probably will; but act the American gentleman, and all will be right." As the cutter pulled away, he waved his handkerchief, and then a gun was fired from the *Constellation*, and the signal pennant fluttered at the mizzen. I squared away the yards, set the courses with a free wind, and the *Constellation* did the same on the opposite course. Soon it was night and I had gone out into the darkness with my prisoners and slaves. For some days without any incident we followed the coast to get the land and sea breezes. In the mean time, having found the decks too crowded to work the ship, during the day-time, with the

slaves on deck, I devised a method which worked well. I selected an intelligent negro boy about twelve years of age, and, with the assistance of some of the men who could sew, rigged him up in a full suit of navy blue, gave him a naval cap with its broad band of gold, and a large flexible ratan, and christened him "Boatswain Tom." Tom's duties were to precede me wherever I went on deck, while working ship, and open a path for us to pass, with his ratan. The boy was very proud of his finery and authority, and he performed his duties well, the slaves always giving way with good humor to Tom. One duty Tom did not like. I had found a large hand-organ on board, brought evidently for the amusement of the slaves. Whenever the weather was clear, I had the organ on the poop, and Tom was organist. He thought it at first a very distinguished honor to be grinding out "The girl I left behind me," "Yankee Doodle," and comic minstrel songs; but by degrees Tom's African dislike of labor showed itself, and he often petitioned for an assistant.

In the mean time much sickness had begun to appear — stomach and other similar troubles, and many distressing and unsightly contagious diseases. I did all I could, but I had no medicine-chest. I found some alcohol well diluted, which I used where I thought it would prove effective. One case attracted my attention and sympathy. A boy about ten years old had a most terrible case of ophthalmia, which some of the slaves told me was the result of a contagious trouble, communicated to the child by close contact. I took him in the forward cabin, and had his eyes bathed frequently with a very weak wash of water and alcohol. At last he died. The slaver's admonition that this fearful disease was to be found among these wretched people put me on my guard to prevent ill to my prize-crew. In a short time one of my men was incapacitated for any duty, and became an additional care.

The daily duties were pressing upon us. In each watch there were only four men. One of these had to be stationed always at the cabin door armed with a revolver, with orders to shoot any slave-officer conversing with one of his men. This man on guard attended also to the main-sheet and topsail-halyards. There was one man at the helm, one forward, and one in the gangway. I attended the after-braces and the spanker gear. I had in my watch a gallant young seaman, with as brave a heart and active a body as ever reefed a topsail, or hauled out a weather-earring in a gale. He was a Scotchman — Burns by name. This young fellow was omnipresent on deck, and true in all cases of trouble. Among our slaves, one, a Hercules in size and strength, became insane, and was soon a raving maniac. We had suc-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE MUTINY.

ceeded in getting him into irons, lashed down to ring-bolts in the scuppers near the stern, where we could watch him. His mania made him murderous, and his great efforts, while foaming at the mouth and straining his knotted muscles to free himself in order to get at any one of us, were fearful to witness. I had become nurse, doctor, general factotum, in every one's watch and in no one's mess, for the good of these people, but when I found myself the head of a lunatic asylum with recourse to force and strait-jackets, I began to feel that my avocations were becoming rather too universal. This maniac would not touch food or water, and any effort to relieve him in this way brought about paroxysms of rage. One night as I stood on the poop just over his head, I was startled by seeing him rise with a frantic effort. He had released his hands from the manacles, and had unlashed those on his legs from the ring-bolt to which they had been secured. It was a moment of life and death. I shouted for Burns and the watch, and sprang down the ladder. The maniac was endeavoring to go forward, his huge body swaying and his great arms held aloft, one of his hands holding the unfastened irons ready as a terrible weapon. Burns jumped upon him from the front, I from the back—the other two men as they came. He tossed and threw us about as a lion would toss whelps, and not till all the men had been aroused by the cries of the man at the wheel did we finally secure the madman. A day or two after, early in the morning, Burns came to me and said, as he touched his cap, "The devil is dead, sir." "You mean the madman," I asked. "He was the devil himself," persisted Burns, quite respectfully.

One incident in which Burns roused the ship

in earnest will be given here, though not in the exact order of time. The first mate had given great cause at all times for anxiety, and had finally made an effort to win over some of my men. In one case he had so far succeeded as to cause one, an able seaman, but always a mutinous man, who had been tried for striking the boatswain of the *Constellation*, to rebel against my orders to cease his private communication with the slaver's mate. This man carried his mutiny so far as to threaten me personally, and to call upon the mate to stand by him when I ordered him to be put in irons. The mate advanced upon me from his cabin with oaths and threats, calling loudly upon others. He was quieted by my revolver in his very teeth, and submitted to being ironed only when he felt his head would be blown off. I had these men put into separate state-rooms, after being ironed—the rooms made more secure by heavy oaken battens on the doors, and the doors themselves secured by strong padlocks. The two

rascals received notice that they would be shot if seen outside these rooms, except at stated intervals. I wonder now that I did not shoot these villains without delay, for I realized their plot, the details of which I learned later. It had been discussed by them to murder several of the prize-crew — myself included, seize the ship and slaves, and then, by the aid of the other prisoners, carry the slaves as originally intended to Cuba. My sailor's mutiny broke the plan before it had matured, for the two Danes and José had not been brought to give their consent to a matter which would certainly have placed all their necks in the halter, sooner or later. Burns was now for "a drumhead court-martial and a military execution, without frills or trimmings," as he expressed it. I endeavored to calm his fears, while urging renewed vigilance. It would only have required a glance at any moment to have made Burns act like the courtiers who took it upon themselves to "rid their monarch of so great a worry as Thomas a Becket." He assured me "that he and one or two others who were true to me and their duty would settle the business." I told him not to think of such a thing, except in case of another overt outbreak, for if we could only land the slaves in Monrovia, all danger of an uprising would most likely be over, since the real incentive to mutiny and murder could only be found in the hope of selling the slaves.

While filled with these cares one night, tired, worn, drenched by the rain of a squall which came furiously but was soon over, I had thrown myself on the sofa in the after-cabin. Burns was lying down, tired out with watching, care, and anxiety, on the floor of the forward cabin, where he always slept like a watch-dog, guarding me from the dangers which he knew were real enough, and which grew greater by revolving them so constantly in his tired head. I had been asleep only a few minutes, it seemed to me, but fully an hour in reality, when I was aroused by sudden and startling cries of "Murder! Help! Murder!" I jumped up, revolver in hand, and rushed through the cabin. That the few men on deck were being murdered and thrown overboard was my only conclusion. I could see them running aft on the lee side, toward the cabin door. I raised my revolver, and was in the act of firing, when my wrist was strongly seized and held. It was the man on duty at the cabin door. He pointed to Burns, who still lay on the floor, rolling uneasily in his slumber and calling "Murder!" Poor fellow; he had had a terrible nightmare, which came near ending the lives of some of the men on deck.

The squall to which I have alluded had been succeeded by almost a calm, and yet there was

an electrical disturbance which was very remarkable. At times the dense darkness was lighted up by sheet lightning covering the sky, almost crimson in color. Another feature which the electricity assumed was a weird and ghost-like exhibition of St. Elmo's lights. At each yard-arm, or point, there seemed to hang a canny white lamp, outlining the yards and masts. The effect was not pleasant after the night's excitement, and all these conditions gave evident uneasiness to the negroes on their crowded, damp, and hot deck. Their voices in tones of terror, and their groans and lamentations, indicated that their superstitious natures were wrought to a high tension. I trimmed the wind-sails to give them air, and relieve their sufferings; but the next morning there were five or six bodies to be given to the sea.

One of our chief sources of danger was the want of a chronometer. It was necessary to navigate the ship by dead reckoning and observations for latitude. This danger was especially shown a few nights later under conditions very similar to those just described. There had again been one of those furious night-squalls, succeeded by the same moist, hot calm. We had been running so as to keep clear of the coast, but not so far as to lose the land and sea breezes in this region of calm. On this night, however, there was no lightning afterward, and the silence on the rolling vessel was only broken by the creaking of yards or the lazy flap of the topsails. While watching and waiting, I fancied that I heard another sound which startled me. My "faithful Achates" Burns came to my side and suggested "surf." "Get a cast of the lead, quick!" I said. He jumped into the chains and threw the lead. "By the mark, five," he called. There was not a moment to lose. With all our efforts we only had time to get out an anchor and clew up the topsails, as we swung round and distinctly heard the angry roar of the heavy surf near at hand. At daylight we could see how close to wreck we had been — not a mile away the heavy surf was breaking high upon the gray, barren land. We had been carried in by a temporary current, and by compass errors, which I had had no opportunity to correct.

Such incidents as these, with increasing work, poor food irregularly taken and never relished, badly cooked and worse served, made life on the slave-ship a very severe strain. As we got further to the north, it became necessary to bear away from the coast to avoid being caught by the strong currents setting to the eastward into the Bight of Benin, and the northern part of the Gulf of Guinea. In doing so we were often compelled to hold on to our canvas longer than seemed safe — a thing almost necessary, since my prize-crew was now reduced to six men.

One night, in the first watch with the ship under square-sail, I saw a squall working from windward, and reduced the canvas to topsails fortunately, but hung on to the courses, thinking the squall would pass astern. I had a landsman, Simmons, stationed to tend maintop-sail-halyards, and also the main-sheet when ordered, and I carefully instructed him what to do. Burns was forward with a man, so I felt safe there, as he knew my plans: I was to tend the spanker-sheet. I intended to let go the fore- and main-sheets and spill the sails, settle the topsails if absolutely necessary, luff the ship and keep her so till the squall passed, in case it struck us and should prove too heavy. But however good our plans, neither care nor prudence can always command success. Unfortunately I misjudged the force of the squall. It came upon us with fury. I gave the necessary orders, but Simmons, in terror at the violence of the wind and its frightful noise, was too paralyzed with fear to obey. The ship did not come to the wind, but did come near to capsizing. She heeled till the green water came rolling over the rail in white foam. I leaped into the scuppers, now filled with water, let go the main-sheet and the topsail-halyards by the run. I jumped on the poop to put the helm down, for I knew the man at the wheel must have put it hard up. Imagine my surprise at hearing José's voice in the darkness in his broken English shout into my ear "All right, it is hard alee now," and soon the ship was shaking in the wind, sails and blocks flapping with noise like thunder in the howling blast. José had heard my order, had seen it disobeyed, and while I cast off the main-sheet and topsail-halyards, he righted the helm and brought the ship to the wind, where his steady hand held her till the danger was over. From that night for four long, dangerous months José always had the helm in my watch. He was a faithful, true, and brave man, always obedient, ever watchful, quiet, and attentive; and yet, if ever there was a pirate in countenance, it was that dirty, ragged Spaniard. In many serious dangers to come, before we reached America, he was steady and true.

The following day, while we ran smoothly along in a bright sea, with a clear sky overhead, I watched the naked slaves as they sat chattering around tubs filled with boiled rice and peas, which I always carefully examined before serving, to test the cooking, and felt a deep sense of thankfulness that they had not been lost by me. They were fed twice a day, at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M., when large buckets of water were carried around, and each one given a liberal drink.

During all these days I had not sighted a sail, but one bright morning the smoke of a steamer was seen, hull down. She had evidently sighted us, and since we could perceive that her course

was changed, we at once knew her to be an American or English man-of-war who wished to examine us. This offered me the only recreation I had on board the *Cora*; I determined to give her a race. Clapping on everything which would draw, the *Cora* made her best through the bright water sparkling under the sun of a clear sky. From the maintopmast cross-trees, by the aid of glasses, I soon identified her. She was the United States steamship *Mohican*. We gave her a delightful race, and when at last she drew near enough to hoist the United States flag and fire a gun, there was no excuse but to obey promptly. We ran up our flag and hove to. Soon a boat came to board us. Lieutenant Crossman, "little Crossman" of the 1851 date, stepped aboard. It was quite delightful to meet him, and equally so to enjoy his surprise. It was our last meeting.

After more than thirty days since parting with the *Constellation* we reached Monrovia, Liberia, where we were to land the slaves. The United States had an arrangement with Liberia, which, however, we had not then recognized as a government, by which provision was made for the support of liberated slaves by the Liberian authorities for one year. These authorities bound the slaves to their citizens, and good results were supposed to come from the transaction. Our stay at Monrovia was prolonged by the need of fumigating and cleansing the ship. I had been generally broken down, and was now quite sick. I shall not soon forget the faithful service of Dr. Roberts, given me with a dignity which rather surprised me, a young slave-owner. This physician was the brother of Liberia's first president — a dark mulatto, educated, I think he told me, at Oberlin College, Ohio. At all events he was skilful, considerate, and attentive. It was necessary to perform a simple operation, which he did with care and success; and a scar on my neck reminds me to this day of the Liberian doctor.

The long voyage from Monrovia was filled with suffering, want, and danger. Heavy gales of winter followed the *Cora* across the Atlantic. One of my men was lost overboard in a furious gale, though we made great efforts to save him, and now the two Danes came to the rescue. One terrible night in a raging winter's storm, while close reefing the maintop-sail, by the lightning's glare I saw one on the weather, and the other on the lee maintop-sail-yard, the ship rolling almost to her yardarms. In this gale we were hove to for many days, with two other ships, the *Cora* being in the middle. One, to windward, went down in a terrible night, and when the light came, the sea was strewn with her wreckage; the other and the *Cora* afterward drifted apart. Our water-supply had failed, and now we were driven to the necessity of replenishing our supply by catching rain-water in tarpaulins, and our

provisions were only a small supply of beans. The ship had crossed the Gulf Stream, and we had sighted Long Island, when we were again driven far seaward by one of those terrible winter gales which make everything a mass of ice. When we were once more able to make sail and shape a course, one dark afternoon, in half a gale of wind, we sighted a vessel which we knew to be a Maine-built ship. Running close on our opposite courses, I hailed: "What news from

importance. One bitter cold night about the middle of March, 1861, just as my mission was nearing success, in passing down Broadway I stepped into the lobby of one of the large hotels. As I stood waiting for a friend, I saw near at hand, in the rear of the hall, three or four well-dressed men, such as you may see on Broadway any fine day. One was tall, handsome, fashionably attired. He had a face clean-shaven except a large, curling, and well-shaped mus-



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

the United States?" "Abraham Lincoln is elected President," came back the reply in tones of joy, and a paper tied to an iron bolt was thrown safely on our deck. I felt that days of gloom hung over our country; nor was I wrong. Many days later, late one evening about Christmas, 1860, in the midst of a snow-storm, and steering through heavy masses of broken ice, I anchored the *Cora* under the stern of the receiving-ship at the Brooklyn navy-yard—a prize to a country no longer united.

I had chosen sides with the South, and, after resigning from the United States Navy, was on duty in New York on a special mission of

tache. At some remarks which brought out his patriotism, for the country was then ablaze from Canada to Mexico, he curled his whalebone stick with graceful poise above his head, and apostrophized, in language both humorous and pathetic, the American flag. As he ceased, he turned and caught my eye. My friend came up at this moment, and we started to go. I had not taken three steps, however, before I heard the voice of this man call, "Stop, stop, there—I want to speak to you!" I did not turn my head, but continued straight for the door, fearing lest some trouble should involve the important trust committed to me. Indeed, I

had been under espionage, and New York at that time was blazing with excited passions. I had not gone far, however, before I heard his quick step following me. I turned my head neither to the right nor to the left, but marched steadily on. In a moment more I felt a strong, heavy hand laid upon my shoulder. I stopped and turned. "What will you have, sir?" I asked. He bent down, and looked over my shoulder from behind well into my face. Then he asked, after his keen scrutiny, "Don't you know me?" "No," I said. He laughed in a pleased manner. "Don't you know Campbell of the *Cora*? — a so-called British subject, but really an American gentleman?" He spoke this in a whisper. I started with surprise. There was nothing in this rather distinguished looking man to recall the slave-captain. "Heavens!" I cried; "are you Campbell?" "The same, my young commander — the same," he answered. Then putting his arms around my neck with gentleness, he called his friends to us. "Gentlemen," he said in low tones, "this is the youngster I told you of, who captured me when I was after 'black-birds.' These are my friends — American gentlemen," he said to me by way of introduction. He seemed as glad to meet me as if I had done him some great service. The next day he called to see me at the Astor House, where I was staying. He told me that he had escaped from the *Constellation* at St. Paul de Loando, through masonic friends; from thence he had gone to the Congo River; there had joined as a bona-fide passenger a slave-ship bound for Cuba, having nine hundred slaves aboard. He had only lately returned to New York. "And now," he said, "I know the government is in arrears to all its officers," — a sad and very true fact at that time, — "and I want to offer you any means or funds you may need." I was greatly astonished at his generous offer, and having assured him that I did not need any assistance, I asked, "Why do you feel so kindly to me, who was one of the instruments of such heavy loss to yourself?"

"Do you remember, my boy," he said, "that I told you I loved an American gentleman, and hoped some day to show it? Well, you treated me as an American gentleman, and put confidence in me when I was a technical pirate. That's why I love you and will serve you at any time as an 'American gentleman.'"

The sad four years of war followed. About a year after its close, I sat one afternoon, in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, with a former naval comrade, on the bare boards in a circus tent, waiting the afternoon performance. We had gone early, and there were probably not half a dozen persons yet assembled. As we sat talking over old times and past events, we saw the clown in his full uniform of paint, cap, and stripes come out from the dressing-room, pass into the ring, cross over, and then, to my surprise and confusion, step briskly over the benches directly up to me. He seized my hand — "God bless you, my boy. How glad I am you have escaped all the dangers of war. Oh, I'm Campbell," he explained, seeing my surprise, "not a British subject, but well — an American gentleman. Meet me after the performance is over. The ring-master calls me — adios." Then he vanished till his watch on deck was called, when with his "Here we are now, sir," to the ring-master, he made speeches to the riding young lady, joked with the ring-master, sang his comic songs, pretended to turn somersaults and failed, then outdid all in gymnastic feats — in short he made all the world laugh. I met him as agreed — and what a change! Once more the tall handsome man, a little older, perhaps a little more rugged, but strong and manly in figure, and winning in manner and word. He told me much of himself now, and gave me his real name, which was Donaldson. He had been sailor, lounge, and pseudo-gentleman of leisure on Broadway, negro minstrel, clown, slave-captain — perhaps the list had better be closed; but he had a faithful, generous heart. He was a brave man, even though a statutory pirate.

About fifteen years ago I read with sadness in an American paper, while as one of the American officers of the Egyptian Army I was serving as major of engineers on the staff of the Khedive of Egypt, a telegram from the city of Washington: "Died suddenly last night in this city, the celebrated clown, William B. Donaldson."

Nature intended this American slaver to be a chivalrous hero; Fate led him by a rugged path to a height where he could at least see and admire that embodiment of manhood, which he fain would have been — "an American gentleman."

Wilburn Hall.



ZMAI IOVAN IOVANOVIICH.

THE CHIEF SERVIAN POET.



HARDLY is there a nation which has met with a sadder fate than the Servian. From the height of its splendor, when the empire embraced almost the entire northern part of the Balkan peninsula and a large portion of the territory now belonging to Austria, the Servian nation was plunged into abject slavery, after the fatal battle of 1389 at the Kosovo Polje, against the overwhelming Asiatic hordes. Europe can never repay the great debt it owes to the Servians for checking, by the sacrifice of their own liberty, the barbarian influx. The Poles at Vienna, under Sobieski, finished what the Servians attempted, and were similarly rewarded for their service to civilization.

It was at the Kosovo Polje that Milosh Obilich, the noblest of Servian heroes, fell, after killing the sultan Murat II. in the very midst of his great army. Were it not that it is a historical fact, one would be apt to consider this episode a myth, evolved by contact with the Latin and Greek races. For in Milosh we see both Mucius and Leonidas, and, more than this, a martyr, for he does not die an easy death on the battle-field like the Greek, but pays for his daring deed with a death of fearful torture. It is not astonishing that the poetry of a nation capable of producing such heroes should be pervaded with a spirit of nobility and chivalry. Even the indomitable Marko Kraljevic, the later incarnation of Servian heroism, when vanquishing Musa, the Moslem chief, exclaims, "Woe unto me, for I have killed a better man than myself!"

From that fatal battle until a recent period, it has been black night for the Servians, with but a single star in the firmament — Montenegro. In this gloom there was no hope for science, commerce, art, or industry. What could they do, this brave people, save to keep up the weary fight against the oppressor? And this they did unceasingly, though the odds were twenty to one. Yet fighting merely satisfied their wilder instincts. There was one more thing they could do, and did: the noble feats of their ancestors, the brave deeds of those who fell in the struggle for liberty, they embodied in immortal song. Thus circumstances and innate qualities made the Servians a nation of thinkers and poets, and thus, gradually, were evolved their magnificent national poems, which were first collected by

their most prolific writer, Vuk Stefanovich Karajich, who also compiled the first dictionary of the Servian tongue, containing more than 60,000 words. These national poems Goethe considered fit to match the finest productions of the Greeks and Romans. What would he have thought of them had he been a Servian?

While the Servians have been distinguished in national poetry, they have also had many individual poets who attained greatness. Of contemporaries, there is none who has grown so dear to the younger generation as Zmai Iovan Iovanovich. He was born in Novi Sad (Neusatz), a city at the southern border of Hungary, on November 24, 1833. He comes from an old and noble family, which is related to the Servian royal house. In his earliest childhood he showed a great desire to learn by heart the Servian national songs which were recited to him, and even as a child he began to compose poems. His father, who was a highly cultivated and wealthy gentleman, gave him his first education in his native city. After this he went to Budapest, Prague, and Vienna, and in these cities he finished his studies in law. This was the wish of his father, but his own inclinations prompted him to take up the study of medicine. He then returned to his native city, where a prominent official position was offered him, which he accepted, but so strong were his poetical instincts that a year later he abandoned the post to devote himself entirely to literary work.

His literary career began in 1849, his first poem being printed in 1852, in a journal called "Srbski Letopis" ("Servian Annual Review"); to this, and to other journals, notably "Neven" and "Sedmica," he contributed his early productions. From that period until 1870, besides his original poems, he made many beautiful translations from Petefy and Arany, the two greatest of the Hungarian poets, and from the Russian of Lermontof, as well as from German and other poets. In 1861 he edited the comic journal, "Komarac" ("The Mosquito"), and in the same year he started the literary journal, "Javor," and to these papers he contributed many beautiful poems. He had married in 1861, and during the few happy years that followed he produced his admirable series of lyrical poems called "Giulichi," which probably remain his masterpiece. In 1862, greatly to his regret, he discontinued his beloved jour-